

## Sweetest Sorry by flamehairedwritings

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**Summary:**

Hopper's always been the best at making it up to you.

## Sweetest Sorry

### Author's Note:

A/N: I don't own Stranger Things.

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7:37PM.

You drop your fist from your cheek and press your lips together, lifting your elbow from the table to place your hand in your lap. He's well over an hour late.

Dropping your eyes from the clock on the wall, you feign a wide smile at the curly, brown haired girl opposite you in an attempt to reassure her. You know Jane's been using all her willpower to stop herself from diving into the spaghetti before her for the last five minutes, and you can't make her wait any longer. You'd drawn out making dinner as much as you could and had thanked your lucky stars one of Jane's favourite TV programmes was on so she was kept distracted.

Reaching over to your left, you lift the plate you had piled his portion of spaghetti on to and use your fork to push half of it on to Jane's plate before pushing the other half on to your own.

"More for us," you whisper conspiratorially, raising your eyebrows and earning a smile from the girl.

You match her smile as you watch her start to shovel food into her mouth, and you manage to keep your mood light and jovial for her sake during the meal, asking her about her day and how her friends were doing.

Yet you can't ignore the anxiety that twists and gnaws at your stomach throughout, your eyes flicking up to the clock every few moments.

*Jim Hopper, where the hell are you?*

10:12PM

You run your fingers through your hair, gently separating out and untangling knots as you gaze at yourself in the mirror, your features partially illuminated by the bedside lamp that bathes the room in a warm glow. You could have run a comb through your hair but how else were you going to waste more time?

You'd washed up slowly, dried everything and put it back in its place, watched TV with Jane, helped her get ready for bed, read *three* chapters of her book to her, tucked her in and then taken a long shower.

Now all that is left to do is sleep but you can't do that, not yet. Not until-

The bedroom door opens with a soft 'click'.

Lifting your eyes, your fingers pause as you watch Chief Jim Hopper enter through the reflection in the mirror. You'd been so wrapped up in your thoughts and worries you hadn't even heard his Blazer or the front door opening. Lowering your hands, you turn to face him as he removes his hat, dropping it on the chair beside the door before shutting it.

Then, he looks up and meets your eyes.

"I'm so sorry, baby," he says quietly.

And you know he is. You can see it in his eyes, in the way his head's slightly bowed, in the way his fingers play with a ring on the other

hand... And just in that you *know* he didn't mean to do it. You know he didn't, but now that he's home and you know he's safe... You're pissed... But trying so hard not to be. You know as the chief that he's going to have to work late sometimes, but in a town like Hawkins... With all the shit that had happened... You can't help that your mind buzzes with '*what if...*?' whenever Jim or Jane go somewhere without you.

"You could've called, Jim," you murmur, tightening your dressing gown around yourself as you fold your arms across your chest.

"I know, baby. We were out of the office, though. We got a lead that was hot and I couldn't let it go. I lost track of time. I'm so sorry."

His gaze remains on you, but yours drops as you graze your teeth over your lower lip. With a small nod, you then unfold your arms and untie your dressing gown, starting to pull it off.

"It's okay."

You're tired. You know he's probably more tired and it's unfair of you to be mad at him because it is his job and he doesn't-

One second he's across the room, the next his arms are wrapping around you, one around your lower back, the other around your shoulders, drawing you into his solid warmth as your dressing gown pools at your feet. Your irritation and anxiety melt away at his touch. Pressing your forehead against his chest, you grip on to the front of his shirt, your eyes closing. Everything is okay. He is okay.

"I'm sorry, baby," he murmurs into your hair, pressing a succession of lingering, gentle kisses to the top of your head.

"It's okay," you whisper, "I'm just so glad you're home."

You stay there, pressed against him, revelling in the feel of his arms around you, his warmth, how safe and comforted you feel...

"You look fuckin' incredible, by the way," his deep voice suddenly rumbles.

*Oh.*

Your lips twitch as your eyes remain closed. On your lunch break, you'd wandered around the shops in town and had spotted the black nightgown with the gorgeous red and purple floral design across the chest in a window and, well, you hadn't been able to resist.

"Oh, you think so?"

He hums in affirmation as he moves his head down, the sound low against your ear. Pressing his face into your neck, his beard tickling you a little, he inhales long and slow, savouring the scent of lavender that lingers on your skin from the shower.

"Mmm... Fuckin' incredible..."

His lips move against your skin as he speaks, causing you to shiver lightly.

He feels it.

Lifting his head, he captures your lips in a firm kiss. You hum against his mouth, leaning into the kiss as his hand lifts and cups the side of your neck. His tongue teases against your lips, coaxing you to part them and you do, opening your mouth to him. He tastes faintly of coffee and something else, something sweet, and you want more.

In the same moment he desires the same, his hand pressing against the small of your back, pushing you further against him as his other slides into your hair, tangling in and pulling your head back a little further. You can feel him hardening against your lower stomach and you rock your hips in response. He groans into your mouth, his hand jerking in your hair, tugging on it, and you can't stop the moan that escapes you, your lips parting from his slightly. It's all he needs to hear.

"Jesus Christ, sweetheart..." he groans roughly, his hands moving to your hips as he walks you back a few steps. You feel the edge of the bed against your calves and by the gentle pressure on your hips from his thumbs, you know to fall back on to it. Gazing up at him, your chest rises and falls a little faster as you watch him undo the next three buttons on his shirt, the first two already undone.

He continues to hold your gaze as he drops to his knees, his hands moving to your ankles to part your legs. He slides his finger tips up to the hem of the nightgown, hooking his thumbs underneath it and pushing it up to just above your hips. The cool, silky material glides deliciously against your skin, your senses heightened under his lust-filled gaze and the desire within you.

Leaning forward, his hands settling on your waist, he presses a warm, open-mouthed kiss on the waistline of your panties, then another to your hip with a low hum, then another to your thigh. You know he's teasing. You know he's purposefully avoiding the one place you desperately need him. *Bastard*. Licking your suddenly dry lips, your hands move down to cover his forearms, your finger tips caressing the inside of his wrists.

"Hopper, c'mon..." you murmur, raising your hips off the mattress an inch or so. "Please..."

He lifts his head from where he's been kissing the inside of your thigh and smirks.

"Got to be patient, sweetheart," he answers, resuming the infuriatingly lazy kisses on your thigh.

"Bastard..." you mutter out loud this time as your head falls back, earning a low laugh from him against your skin which just makes your hips twitch.

Suddenly, he presses a kiss to the centre of your panties. You gasp, your head shooting up again to stare down at him as your hips buck.

"Mmm, I can't wait to taste you, baby," he murmurs, his voice deeper, rougher, as he slowly slides your panties down your legs, letting them drop from your feet and on to the floor. "But you gotta be quiet."

*Bastard*.

How in God's name could you be when he knows exactly how to make you writhe and fall apart under his lips and fingers, begging and gasping his name all the while?

He laughs again as he watches you sink your teeth into your lower lip

in an effort to already try to stifle any sounds. Sliding his hands under your knees, he lifts your legs and hooks them over his shoulders. You can't take your eyes off of him as he inhales, the smirk returning to his lips.

"Fuckin' gorgeous," he mumbles. "You're glistening, baby. Is that for me? Your pussy all wet for me, baby?"

You nod several times, not trusting yourself to speak incase you plead just a little too loudly.

"Yeah? Soaking..."

Lowering his head, he then gives a long, slow lick up your slit. Pressing your lips together, you muffle a loud groan as your head drops back, your eyes falling shut.

"Fuck..." he murmurs against your pussy as he shifts on his knees slightly, your legs lifting higher with the movement, and presses his mouth further against your wetness. His tongue strokes at you, long, firm strokes that have your toes curling and your heels pushing into his back.

Your hands don't know what to do with themselves. They want to cover your mouth to quieten the sounds that are growing louder in your throat or grip on to the sheets to ground yourself as pleasure rises steadily within you or touch him as much as you can from your current position. They settle after a few moments, one deciding to tangle into his hair, the other gripping the bed sheets. Your teeth have the unenviable task of muffling your moans, biting at your lower lip.

"Just because you gotta be quiet, doesn't mean I don't wanna hear those pretty sounds coming from those lips," he whispers and you can *feel* his smirk.

"You're such a bastard, Hop-" His name falls away from a mumble into a loud, breathy moan as he suddenly presses the flat of his tongue against your clit.

"That's it, sweetheart..." he hums as one arm slides over your

stomach, holding you down. He circles and suckles at your aching clit, drawing moans and gasps from you as your hips buck. Your hand tightens in his hair, gripping on as the other covers your mouth.

"Mmh, fuck, Hopper..." you breathe, the sound muffled by your fingers.

He groans in response and you feel him shift again. A moment later, he teases a finger against your pussy lips, gathering your wetness and spreading it. Drawing it down, he circles your hole before giving a few, gentle fucks with just the tip of his finger.

"Please, Hopper..." you whisper, trying not to whine.

"What do you want, baby?"

"More... Please..."

"More?"

"Hopper, c'mon, please..."

"Well, you did ask nicely..."

A loud groan escapes you before you can stop it as he slips two fingers inside you... before almost immediately withdrawing them.

"God fucking damn it, Hopper, you son of a bitch..." you breathe, dropping your hand, and he chuckles.

"Such words from such a pretty mouth... It should be doing somethin' else..." Moving his arm from over your stomach, he slides his hand up, briefly running it over your breasts, and traces a finger tip over your parted lips. Your tongue flicks out, brushing over it. He grunts and slips his finger into your mouth. You begin to suck, both of you knowing what you'd rather it be.

Groaning, he thrusts the two fingers back inside you, this time taking up a quick rhythm as he fucks you with them, simultaneously sucking firmly on your clit. Your yell of pure delight is muffled as you involuntarily sink your teeth into his finger, noticing, at the back of your mind, the part that hasn't just yet been consumed with lust and



love, how he quickly moved it to one side of your mouth.

The bastard knows what he's doing.

It doesn't take long for pleasure to start coiling in your lower stomach, your body desperate for its release. Your moans become entangled with whimpers as it builds rapidly within you, your hips rocking and rolling up against his mouth as your hand grips tightly at his hair.

You faintly hear him mumble, "C'mon, baby, c'mon, come on my fingers, let me feel you..." and it tips you over the edge. Your hips rise as you throw your head back, biting down on his finger harder as pleasure rolls throughout your body, a long, muffled moan sounding from your throat. He groans as you tighten on his fingers and, unwillingly to withdraw from you just yet, he prolongs your pleasure with slightly slower, gentler thrusts.

In fact, it's only when you tap your finger tips against the top of his head, slightly weakly, that he pulls back, his fingers slipping out of your pussy and your mouth. Licking your lips, your breathing is slightly erratic as you open your eyes and gaze down at him. He's licking his own lips and his fingers, and his beard shines with your come. He looks up at you upon hearing the sound you make and the smirk returns once more.

"Come here..." you whisper.

Rising off of his knees, he moves onto the bed and settles on his side next to you, gazing down at the state he's left you in, his eyes travelling down your body, then back up to meet yours.

"Beautiful," he murmurs, leaning down to cup your cheek and claim your lips in a slow, open-mouthed kiss.

"See how good you taste, baby... See why I can't get enough..." he breathes against your lips, dipping and stroking his tongue into your mouth.

You moan in response, sliding your hand up his arm and to the back of his neck, your tongue gladly meeting and caressing against his. He

pulls away a few moments later and moves his lips over your chin, down your jaw and down your neck, his hand gliding from your cheek to your arm. His thumb brushes against the strap of the nightgown and his head lifts, taking in the sight of it once more. Dropping your hand from his neck, you graze your teeth over your lip as you watch him watch you, your breathing hitching a little at the look in his eyes. Leaning on his elbow, he slides the thin strap down your arm, tugging the flimsy material down to expose your breasts.

A mixture of the cool air of the room, the desire still pulsing through you and his attention has caused your nipples to peak, begging to be touched. He exhales a long breath as he gazes at them. His finger tips slide up between your breasts then around them, caressing the sensitive undersides. Your back arches slightly as your breathing hitches again, pushing your breasts closer towards his touch. Flicking his gaze up to meet yours, he then lowers his head and closes his mouth over the nipple furthest from him, beginning to languidly kiss and suck at it.

Your eyes slide shut as his fingers gently, achingly gently, roll and tug at the other nipple. He doesn't change his pace and the pleasure that tingles through you is delicious, bringing forth a smile on your lips as your head tips back. You hum low in your throat as your hand slides over his belt and his clothed erection.

He exhales a short, sharp breath, his kisses on your nipple faltering slightly before he sucks a little more firmly. He's so hard. Desire and need throbs deep within you. How has he managed to do it? How has he managed to control himself for this long?

"Jim..." you breathe.

"Mm? What do you want, sweetheart?"

"Want you, Jim..." You gently squeeze his cock through his pants, caressing small, tight circles with your finger tips.

He grunts and starts to rock his hips against your hand, his kisses growing slightly more sloppy.

"Mmh, what do you want, baby, hm? Come on, let me hear those

words..."

He's going to break soon, and a smile teases at the corner of your mouth as you angle your head to whisper into his ear, "I want your thick cock deep inside me, Jim. I want you to fill and stretch me, I need you so bad, please, fuck, I need to feel you..." You brush your thumb over his clothed tip as you hum.

He releases a long groan against your skin, bucking against your hand.

"Fuck, baby, Jesus... Christ..."

Suddenly, he moves off of you, standing between your legs once more. He tugs the nightgown off of your body, tossing it aside, and keeps his eyes on you as he unbuttons his shirt fully. He takes in the full sight of you, your cheeks and chest flushed, hair ruffled, nipples slightly darker from his ministrations and your pussy slick from your own come and his mouth. Clenching his jaw, his shirt drops to the floor and he tugs his vest off over his head before his hands fall to his belt, swiftly unbuckling it. After he pushes his pants and boxers down, you now get to take in the sight of him.

Your hands subconsciously grip at the bedsheets as your eyes rove over his body, lingering on his cock, his tip wet and leaking.

"Jim-" you begin, but your plea is cut off as he covers your body with his and kisses you hungrily. Your arms wrap around his neck, drawing him as close as you can to you and humming against his lips at finally feeling his skin against yours. One of his forearms settles above your head to support himself while his other hand slides from your waist down to the back of your knee, pulling your leg over his hip and opening you to him.

Dropping his hand from you, he grips his cock and guides his tip to your entrance. He doesn't tease either of you this time. He pushes into you in one, slow thrust, filling you completely. You tear your lips from his, and a loud moan starts to escape you as your eyes roll back a little before his hand quickly covers your mouth.

"Quiet, darlin', quiet... Mmh, fuck, you're so fuckin' wet 'nd warm..."

Jesus Christ, fuckin' tight..." he grunts, pressing his face into the crook of your neck.

You respond with a muffled, low whine as you lift your hips, pleading with him to move.

"I know, baby..." he mumbles, mouthing and nipping at your neck and throat, moving up to your ear. "Just don't wanna come inside you just yet."

You release another whine against his hand and tighten around his cock, starting to rock your hips, *needing* to feel him move within you. He growls and grips tightly at your hip, mumbling a string of broken curses into your ear.

"Christ, fu-uck... Jesus..."

Finally he begins to move, thrusting his cock into your tight, slick heat in a strong, relentless rhythm. You tip your head back with a barely suppressed moan, both legs wrapping around his waist now to grip on to him as your hands fist the bed sheets tightly. Arching your back, your nipples brush against his chest each time he thrusts within you, fuelling the pleasurable sensations already spreading through you.

"Oh, fuck..." you gasp, one of your hands flying up to grip his shoulder. He bites and licks at the crook of your neck, his own hand moving from above your head to tangle into your hair.

"Your pussy feels so good, sweetheart, so fuckin' good... Fuck, always so good for me..."

You inhale ragged breaths and your nails sink into his shoulder, his delicious words causing your hips to buck as you tighten around him again. Hissing, he suddenly rolls you over, your knees settling either side of him. The change in position has you gasping for all the right reasons as he hits new spots inside you. Gripping your hips, he helps you start to move as you brace your hands on his chest, your hair spilling over your shoulders as you look down at him through half-lidded eyes.

"Jesus, look at you, baby..." he growls, his finger tips pressing into your skin.

A breathless smile hints at the corners of your mouth as you hold his gaze, increasing the pace of your rocking hips.

"Fuckin' beautiful..." Sitting up, he slides an arm around your waist, anchoring you in his lap, and captures your lips in a searing kiss. Wrapping your arms around his neck, your tongue teases and glides against his, your moans swallowed by his mouth. His hand finds your breast, tugging and rolling your nipple between his thumb and forefinger.

You can feel your orgasm building within you, your stomach muscles starting to tighten as you break the kiss, broken, breathless moans pouring from your lips unchecked. You feel his hand cup your cheek and tilt your head into it, sinking your nails into his shoulders.

"Look at me, baby..."

Opening your eyes a moment or two after he speaks, you meet his darkened gaze, a jolt of desire coursing through you.

"Need to come, Jim..."

"Go on, baby, take it all..." he groans, thrusting sharply up into you as his hand drops to your thigh, the pad of his thumb stroking firmly back and forth across your clit.

"Oh, *fuck*..." you gasp, your eyelids fluttering as you try desperately hard to keep them open.

"You gonna come on my cock, baby?" You can tell he's fighting off his own release, his voice tight and rough. "Gonna come for me, huh?"

You whimper as you nod, absolutely not trusting yourself to speak.

Then, as he thrusts deeply up into you, he presses down firmly on your clit and you break. Burying your face into the crook of his neck, the yell you release is just about muffled as you clench tightly around him. A string of growled moans, curses and your name tumble from his lips, his teeth clenched as he finally relinquishes his control and

comes deep inside you. His hips jerk as he grips yours, holding you in place, drawing out both your highs as wave after wave of pleasure tumbles through you.

Weak whimpers slip from you as your body softens, collapsing against him. Your cheek presses against his shoulder as your hands release his shoulders, though your arms remain around him. Breathing hard, he keeps a tight hold on you. Neither of you move, neither willing to let go of the other.

After several moments, he starts to press slow, gentle kisses to your collarbone, drawing a soft hum from you.

"You okay?" he murmurs against your skin.

"Mmnh... Perfect."

He presses a couple of stronger kisses to your neck before pulling his head back to gaze at you, a lazy smile on his lips. "Yes, you are."

"My God..." you tut, trying, and failing miserably, to stop a goofy smile.

"What?"

"That's probably the corniest thing you've ever said, Hopper."

"Now I doubt that, sweetheart." Grinning, he slides an arm under you and lifts you off his cock with a quiet grunt.

You can't stop a faint whine at the loss as you bite your lip and he laughs lowly, kissing your jaw.

"Tomorrow, baby," he murmurs into your ear, the delicious promise in his voice making you tighten your arms around him as you hum, kissing his cheek lingeringly.

He laughs again and shifts, laying you both back on the bed. Using his foot, he, after three attempts, pulls a folded blanket up from the bottom of the bed. He drapes it over you both as you settle at his side, your head on his shoulder and your arm sliding over his waist. His arms wrap around you after he adjusts the blanket and he kisses

your hair as your eyes close.

You both lie quietly, just enjoying holding and feeling each other. His fingertips idly brush over your skin. This is perfect. He's perfect. He-

Your eyes snap open and your head shoots up, almost knocking him in the jaw.

"Jesu-"

"Oh my God, how's your finger, Jim?!"

Grabbing his hand, you inspect the finger he had slipped into your mouth, pulling a face at the faint teeth marks on it. He chuckles as he bends it, arching an eyebrow.

"I think I'll be fine, sweetheart."

"Are you sure? I think I bit down pretty hard, and you *have* said that they're pretty damn sharp..."

"Mm, well, now that you mention it..."

"Oh my God, I hurt you, didn't I? Jesus, Hop..."

"Yeah, I think you might've. Think you might have to suck it better, actual-"

He laughs as you smack his chest, not failing to notice the smile you're trying to hide. Tightening his arms around you, he pulls you closer so you're practically on top of him, your leg draping over his.

"You absolu-"

He silences you with a kiss that steals your words and thoughts... For a few moments.

"... Bastard," you mutter when he finally breaks it. Smiling, he cups your cheek and brushes his thumb along your cheekbone. The smile then fades a little as he gazes at you.

"I'm sorry, sweetheart," he murmurs, caressing your cheek.

"It's okay," you whisper, your hands settling either side of his neck. "Just don't be late again? Please? At least not without telling me?"

"I'll tell you next time, if there is a next time, I promise." He tucks a lock of hair behind your ear. "I won't do that to you again, baby."

And you know he won't.

You smile and press a couple of soft kisses to his lips. Then his nose, then his forehead, then his cheek, then his jaw until he chuckles and slips his arms around your waist.

"Settle down, you know we've both got to be up early."

"Hell yeah, we do," you murmur, the corners of your mouth curving up into a smirk.

"Jesus Christ, you're killin' me, baby..."

"Mmh, but what a way to go, Hopper..."